

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to the South and Southern Rights, Politics, Latest News, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture &c.

SIMKINS, DURISOE & CO., Proprietors.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., OCTOBER 6, 1858.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

DRESDEN, August 17th, 1858.

It is my design upon the present occasion, dear Editor, to attempt a reproduction of one of the great German "folk festivals," viz: a "bird shooting."

This custom of "bird shooting," dates from time immemorial, and is one of the most cherished privileges of the German people. It is nothing more or less than the annual coming together of hundreds of people to shoot at a wooden bird perched upon the top of a long pole. The duration of such a holy-day is generally about ten days, and all this time the "bird" stands on high.

The shooting which has just come to an end in Dresden is one of the most famous in Germany, and serves as a brilliant pattern of the common run of such affairs. Among the environs of the city, lying upon the broad Elbe and with the mountains of the Saxon Switzerland in full view, are extended green fields, known as the "Bird Meadow," which belongs to the town, and is reserved for and devoted to this peculiar festival.

For weeks before the performances begin, nothing is heard of, read of, or dreamt of, but the great "bird shooting," and high, low, rich and poor, spend day and night in preparations for the campaign. Steam boats make extra trips with reduced fares, rail road cars and post wagons do. And all the circus companies, jugglers, organ grinders, strolling singers, pick pockets and wild beasts throughout the length and breadth of the land, turn their faces towards the scene of action. In short, a little of every thing under the sun can be met with and experienced at such a celebration. The Leipzig Fair, of which I spoke formerly, is quite a vale of rest, compared with a Dresden bird shooting.

In the midst of the "meadow" is planted a sturdy pole, about as high as two circus poles, placed one upon the other, and upon its extreme point is fixed a great, gaudy, painted bird, which serves as the mark. The bird is so constructed that each individual part can be shot away without dislodging the remaining parts. A thick wooden heart called the "corpus," which is made very fast to the pole, forms the breast or middle. This is of course the last to be hit, or, is the last to be brought down, and who ever succeeds in doing this is called the "king," and is the hero of the day. So soon as he has perpetrated this exploit, he receives a gold pitcher or something of the kind, is crowned with wreaths, mounted upon the shoulders of his colleagues and borne about amidst the deafening shouts and hurrahs of the crowd. The poor man must also treat in the most alarmingly profuse manner, and even give the course of the theater following a grand ball. Such a distinction in a country as poor as Saxony is another "dear institution."

To each part of the bird belongs a particular prize. For instance, he who achieves the tail, receives a silver bowl; the tip of the wing, silver forks, &c. The instrument used for shooting is the old fashioned cross bow, and the dart, a stout wooden peg with a steel head. The bow is not held out bravely at arm's length as among our Indians, but is rested and steadied upon a sort of device, which is raised or lowered to suit the height of the individual. To any one who has seen or read of English archery, it looks very awkward and unskillful.

On either side of the tall pole, stands a shorter one with a smaller bird; these are for the ladies, who enter into the sport with great zest, and shoot far better than the men, or have done so to this time at least. Immediately in the rear of the pole, is a house with a long wide piazza, and in this piazza the ladies stand and take aim. In two wing piazzas the ladies do likewise. Each shot is preceded and followed by a roll upon the drum—a very successful shot is distinguished by a roll prolonged and fearful.

In the rooms behind the piazzas are spread forth the prizes, and here also the gentlemen and ladies disport themselves in the most entertaining manner. That is, in the most Dutch entertaining manner,—eating meat and drinking beer. I do verily believe a German couple would rise up with animation and desert the cooling board upon being presented with flesh and beer!

Upon one side stands a beautiful and capacious tent, which is that of the King, who comes very often during the holy-day and shoots with the rest; the Queen and the Princesses also "take a hand." Upon the other side stands a pavilion, in which a superb Orchestra performs morning, noon and night. Scattered over the field are little urbane dressed like jockeys, whose business it is to gather up and hand in the darts.

Every thing is conducted with the greatest order and regularity; the exercises are ushered in and closed with reveille and tattoo. The appearance of the royal cortege is announced by a grand military discharge. (I mean the discharge, not the discharge) consists of seven open carriages, each drawn by four horses. One with the King and Queen, one with the Crown Prince and Princess, one with the Princesses, one with the little Princess, one with the Queen Dower, one with the male functionaries and the other with the female functionaries of the palace. Behind each coach stand two strapping footmen; the driver sits up as high as a galloway; and upon each left hand horse rides a postilion with a long whip; all the aforesaid gentlemen are tricked out in white and silver. The whole put together makes quite a grand procession I assure you. Extremely well looking at, although one is from a country where kings, queens and postillions are not so much "the admiration of all beholders."

Upon each evening of the festival comes to pass some regularly got up public exhibition, that is, some exhibition pertaining to the institution, at which the mass may gaze without money or price. One evening a general illumination, the next evening a balloon ascension, the next a concert of two orchestras, where the multitude are expected to listen, but do not, and finally, as a breaking up scene, a royal display of fireworks. Upon the late fireworks evening, the crowd was estimated at eighty thousand, and the exhibition was so every way worthy of the attendance.

So much for the bird shooting proper, but that is truly the least part of the show. Behind the shooting tent stretches back a city of tents—yes, a regular city, with streets and cross streets as long as a quarter of a mile, and 'tis in this impromptu Babylon that the most interesting and rare performances take place. The tents are built in various shapes and all places. In front, profusely adorned with wreaths, ribbons, flags and colored lanterns; from a steeple, rising high out of the top of each one, floats the Saxon banner. Every Restaurant and Beer shop in Dresden is represented upon the Bird Meadow by a huge "Bude;" and as each strives to outdo the others in ornament and accommodation, the result is that all are wonderfully pretty and comfortable. You can imagine the size of these improved Restaurants when I tell you that several of them were able to contain two thousand persons. Two thousand beer drinkers! The Germans, "young men and maidens, old men and children," live upon beer. And the strife and rivalry between the different retailers as to the quality of their beer approximates to blood-thirsty! Two of their worthies, with their respective adherents among the public, often come in contact, and the

melee which ensues throws a Spanish bull fight entirely into the shade. More beer is split however than blood!

Other tents of the larger class are the dancing saloons, into which, after paying five cents, one may enter and dance twenty-four hours without stopping. And here it is that one sees sights and has fun! The gentlemen to be found in these halls are of all classes and all characters, but the ladies are of one class and one character. Apropos of these "gay deities," had we not the history of Rahab to look back to, how hopeless would seem their case!

But you should see the so-called Carroussel, in which people, mounted upon life-size holly horses, are whirled round as if by a whirlwind. This is the most popular amusement, and would you believe that the grown people first quite as much with the holly horses as the children? Yes, old men and old women, young boys and girls, dignified (or undignified) rather matrons, must all take a airing in the Carroussel. For example, I saw a heroine of twenty-two mounted upon a sky blue charger with yellow mane and tail, and the two were being whisked around as if the old enemy was after them. The fair one in question was as red in the face as a red flannel petticoat—she leaned back upon the blue steed in a state of the most overwrought perspiration, fanning herself while the wind mill. I looked round in terror, and thought best to find what E. P. calls an "upper seat," for I expected every moment she would dissolve into a pool something the size of the Pacific Ocean.

In some tents are countless shelves, chests and tubs of ginger bread, which like wine, is considered better when very old. In others are tarts of divers kinds, oblong in shape, three feet by two. This last is as true as gospel! In others, bushels of cucumbers and snap beans, piled up in the shape of mountains, with great bunches of fern leaves sticking out of the summits, by way of uniting the useful and the ornamental. Fancy a Venus of snap beans, with smoke, flame and lava of fern leaves, and you have the picture!

But I must stop a great deal (and unwillingly I confess), not wishing to monopolize the *Advertiser* with an inventory of the merchandise of a German "Bird Meadow." By all means however are the imperishable sausage and hard boiled eggs not missing. Were all the sausage which I saw lately upon the Bird Meadow joined together, the string would be long enough, and apparently tough enough, for a submarine telegraph wire entirely round the earth.

One part of this tent city is called the "Art Row," namely, where the circus, the jugglers, the apes, the snakes, the elephants, the mermaids, &c., &c., give their "productions." "Productions" and "Art Prices" are called here. We call them "tricks." Among the advertisements are such like: "Circus of Madame Directress the widow Magnus, &c., &c." In the circus of Mrs. Magnus the audience is allowed to make "respectable and becoming wit." Deliver me from respectable wit—what is so dry! Among the very curiosities was "Moli, the largest tree in the world," which was nothing less than four thousand two hundred and ninety-three pounds of parsnip-root-beetle! Truly a Chimborazo among parsnips! Another curious was "Petzi, the elephant of the chase from the Kingdom of Dahomey in India." Petzi's productions consisted in receiving cakes, nuts and fruits from the by-standers, and handing (mounting, I should say) them over to his keeper instead of eating them himself. Very rare and prize-worthy looking curiosities. Very rare and prize-worthy looking curiosities. Very rare and prize-worthy looking curiosities.

These poles, perfectly upright, smooth as glass and crowned with tallow, have banked, jackets, caps and all sorts of trinkets and tridles hanging from their tops, and whichever urchin first reaches the goal, has the privilege of taking his choice. They enjoy it to the utmost; and it is surprising to see how most of them can glide up the greasy pole. They must gain the prizes though at the sacrifice of their trousers, for the pole is very often re-greased.

I must not forget to tell you of certain exclamations and expressions which one hears when wandering about among the throngs of a German "folk festival." But these expressions are not confined to the common classes; they are used in every day life by the most cultivated and well bred people. At first they strike a foreigner as perfectly outrageous, afterwards as intensely amusing. For instance, "Thou dear God in heaven, what a bell kring!" "Lord Jesus, what a hellish spectacle!" "All-seeing and all-hearing Father, look down and give ear to this murderous history!" The most trivial occurrences will call forth such exclamations.

There now if you have an iota of patience or toleration left, you are fully qualified to receive upon your respectful shoulders the mantle of Job, or what is more expressive still, to listen to a temperance lecture.

J. T. D.

For the Advertiser.

JUDGE O'NEAL FOR THE U. S. SENATE.

Mr. Editor:—Will you do me the favor to publish in the Camden Journal, the following nomination of the Hon. J. O'NEAL, the distinguished Jurist, the able scholar, and the pure-hearted Christian, as the man to fill the vacancy now existing in the U. S. Senate. I am in common with many others, admirer Judge O'NEAL for his many noble and sterling qualities. In fact, Mr. Editor, I look upon him as one of the best men—legally, politically and morally considered—that the State of South Carolina affords; and without a doubt he would fill the office with honor to the State and fidelity to the South.

Although Judge O'NEAL is now, and ever has been, I believe, a Unionist in sentiment, yet, when he proper time comes for the South to throw off her lethargy and contend for her Constitutional rights in the Union or independence out of it, then this gallant chieftain—the beloved of many—will take his stand in the front rank, nearest the enemy, and battle with a mighty arm for us and for our cause.

A VOICE FROM EDGEFIELD.

RALPH, Tenn., Sept. 6th, 1858.

To Col. Warren, Editor Camden Journal.

DEAR SIR: It is the wish of many old South Carolinians, though not new residents of the good old Palmetto State, to see announced in your paper, the name of the venerable Judge O'NEAL to fill the place of the late lamented Judge Evans.

We think it no disparagement to the honorable man, whose names we have noticed to be brought before the Legislature for that distinguished station, and we believe that by (and hope that all others would) with one voice, as they acclamation, respond to the well merited claim of that noble old Carolinian—now about the age of the venerable Judge O'NEAL—who still our needs no eulogy—the tree is known by its fruit.

We do think he is the very man for the times—we think he could and would pour oil upon the troubled waters, and say to the North give up, and to the South hold not back. And from his high standing, his purity, integrity, talents, and weight of character, his voice could not fail to have great influence, and show to the nation that the old Palmetto State has still one of her distinguished and chivalrous sons now no more.

A VOICE BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS.

The man who don't take a paper wants to know if General Scott was killed at the battle of Waterloo.

To all men, and at all times, the best friend is virtue; and the best companions are high, ennobling and honorable sentiments.

Selected Poetry.

RELIGION.

BY WILLIAM LEGGET.

Like snow that falls where water glides,
Earth's pleasures fade away,
When nect in tide's destroying tide,
And cold are while they stay!
But joys that from Religion flow,
Like stars that gild the night,
Amidst the darkest gloom of woe,
Smile forth with sweetest light.

Religion's ray no clouds obscure,
But o'er the Christian's soul
It sends its radiance calm and pure,
Though tempests round it roll;
His heart may break with sorrow's stroke,
But to its latest thrill,
Like diamond's shining when they're broke,
Religion's light is still!

GO FOR THE RIGHT, WHATEVER BETIDE.

BY W. M. MARTIN.

Though beauty entice you
With laughter and smiles,
And strive to ensnare you
With charms and with wiles;
Oh! pass them by lightly,
Their powers decay,
And go for the right,
Whatever betide.

Though wealth may allure you
With diamonds and gold,
The strength of your manhood
Is not never to be sold;
Did riches avail you,
With power and pride,
And go for the right,
Whatever betide.

Though power oppose you
With strength and with might,
Oh! ne'er be disheartened
Though hard be the fight;
Oh! never be conquered,
Nor e'er turned aside,
But go for the right,
Whatever betide.

In archives of glory,
Your name be enrolled;
In songs and in story,
Your brave deeds be told,
Along with the heroes
Who fought and who died,
Who went for the right,
Whatever might betide.

Miscellaneous Reading.

PERILOUS BALLOON ADVENTURE.

It has been stated that two children accidentally ascended from Centralia, Illinois, Tuesday, in a balloon. A professional aeronaut, named Wilson, had just before returned from a successful ascent. The Journal says:

After the grappling iron had been made fast, Harvey, to amuse his children, one a boy aged about four years, and the other a girl of eight years, placed them in the basket car and permitted them to ascend several times as high as the rope would allow. Unexpectedly the grappling iron slipped from the father's hand, and the balloon, with its precious freight, was wafted off of sight. The distress of the parent knew no bounds. The peril of the children he considered imminent, for what assurance had he that they would not be borne into some dense forest, where they would be overtaken by hunger before they could be found, or perhaps the rope, to a tree in his yard. He immediately hailed the balloon down, and found the youngest child awake in the bottom of the basket, and the oldest carefully watching over her little brother. They had been wafted about by different currents of air throughout the night, and had come to a halt but a little while before they were relieved.

The story the girl told was, that as the balloon ascended, she cried piteously to her father to pull it down. She said she passed over a town where she saw a great many people to whom she likewise appealed at the top of her voice. This place was Centralia. The balloon was sent to pass over there, but the people little imagined it carried two persons in such danger. Her little brother cried with cold, and the heroic girl took off her apron, covered him and got him to sleep. In handling the ropes she happened to pull one which had the effect of bringing the balloon down, and although not understanding the philosophy of the movement, she was quite content to keep the valve open, so long as by so doing she found she approached the earth.

The youthful aerial voyagers were in the balloon about thirteen hours and a quarter. It may easily be imagined that among the neighbors where they landed they were the objects of much curiosity and interest. The girl's presence of mind and loving consideration for her brother, may well entitle her to remembrance, while the incident itself was of such a remarkable character that we opine that it will not soon be forgotten in that section.

The boy and girl were conveyed home as soon as practicable, and it was needless to say were received with outstretched arms.

TIMES AREN'T AS THEY USED TO BE.—A gentleman who resides in Western New York, tells the following little anecdote: "Many years ago the first settlers in this country, then a wilderness almost, were obliged to take their grain one hundred and fifty miles in wagons to Albany, to find a market. The roads were bad and traveling dangerous. Three times of a year a purchaser for their loads of wheat at Amsterdam, a village some twenty-five miles west of Albany, and were glad to dispose of it, and save themselves the travel. They took an order on the bank at Amsterdam for their pay, which was offered them in silver, but they objected to taking it, as it was too heavy to carry, and they preferred the notes of the bank. And here the laugh comes in. The officers of the bank refused to give the bills, because the farmers were going so far out into the wilderness, the bills would never come back to the bank again. The matter was finally compromised by the bank's paying each one dollar extra on their consenting to receive silver instead of paper money."

CHANGES OF LIFE.—How numerous the changes of life! Let an individual who has attained the age of fifty, pause for a moment and gaze around him. A few years ago he was a child, and he was a man; he has discovered that the children who, long after he had attained the years of manhood, played about his knees, are now among the fathers and mothers of mankind; while those to whom he looked up in boyhood, are either decrepit and tottering with age, or have passed to "the Valley of the Shadow of Death." The span of human life—how narrow! A few years ago, a poor, struggling, and as gone! Even the nearest of the beings with whom our existence is intertwined, pass away, and are speedily forgotten, or if not forgotten, are remembered so carelessly, as scarcely to excite a momentary feeling.

The Annapolis Gazette tells the following story of a citizen of that place: "A person better known for his wealth than for his liberality was requested to aid in the erection of a church. The subscription book was placed in his hands. He looked at it anxiously and earnestly and handed it back with the astounding remark: 'No sir! I will not give anything, not half as many people go to hell now as ought to go.'"

BURNING IN THE AUSTRIA.

We find in our London exchanges further accounts of the burning of the Austria, the Austria sailed from Bremen on the 4th inst., with a total number of passengers and crew estimated at between 500 and 600—upwards of 500 of whom have been lost.

ITALIAN, September 27.—The bark Lotus arrived here yesterday, with twelve of the sixty-seven passengers who were saved from the steamer Austria, which was burnt at sea on the 13th. The passengers report that little after 2 o'clock, on the afternoon of the 13th, a dense volume of smoke burst from the after-entrance of the steamer. The speed of the steamer was instantly slackened, and the smoke which was continued until the magazine exploded, when the engines, it was supposed, were instantly so located. The first burst, traveling with fearful rapidity, a boat left down from the port side was instantly crushed, and another from the starboard side was swamped, from the number of passengers rushing about. All the cabin passengers were on the poop, excepting a few gentlemen, who must have been smothered in the smoking room. Many of the second class passengers were also on the poop, but a large number were shut in the cabin by fire. Some were pulled up through the ventilators, but the greater number perished. The last woman drawn up said that six men were on the poop, several men and women, who were on the lower deck, jumped into the sea by twos and threes. Some of the women were ready in flames. Others hesitated till driven to the last moment by the advancing flames. In half an hour, not a soul was left on the poop. The French bark Maurice, Capt. Ernest Renaud, came alongside at 5 o'clock, and succeeded in rescuing forty passengers; they were sent down to the lower deck, and some of them were picked up struggling in the water.

At 8 o'clock, one of the metallic boats came up with twenty-two persons, including the first and second officers. Subsequently, four men were picked up floating on a piece of broken boat. The second officer was afterwards rescued from the water. Both himself and the third officer were severely burnt. Many of the male passengers were frightfully burnt. Only six women were saved, three of whom were shockingly burnt.

A Norwegian bark went alongside of the steamer next morning, and sent a boat, which may have picked up a few persons. The Maurice had no communication with her. The bark Maurice proceeded to Fayal with Austria's passengers, except those on the Lotus. A passenger says that when the captain of the Austria heard of the fire, he exclaimed: "We are all lost!—let down the boat," which was swamped. He fell into the sea and was left far behind.

The fire arose from the culpable negligence in fumigating the stowage with burning tar, which was under the superintendence of the fourth officer.

RAVENS IN THE DISSEMINATION.—A Texas correspondent of the Louisville Journal writes, following the receipt of the following letter from a man named Harrington, a deserter from Camp Colorado, who had been recaptured. He was a native of Louisville:

Young Harrington was enlisted for the Second Cavalry, but deserted, and was brought back to Fort Smith. The citizen who brought him back must have been more of a fiend than human. He travelled day and night, and until ten o'clock the next day without giving him a mouthful to eat.

Capt. N. G. Evans, of his regiment, was at the Fort at the time, and Harrington was put in his company, and that day he had to walk 12 miles, handcuffed, and dragging a ball and chain, before he got anything to eat. The second day he slipped from Fort Smith, and over a road called the "Narrows," the roughest that wagons ever travelled, I suppose. The wagons in going over it, would bounce and slide off from the rocks four feet at a time.

On the morning of the second day the captain ordered Harrington to be tied by the hand close up to the tail gate of the wagon. At that time his wrists and fingers were so swollen that he could not bend them. The citizen who was put over him says that for more than 1000 times the ball which was attached to him by a chain and placed in the feedbox, would, when the wagon came out of a hole or slide off a rock, jerk him feet from under him and all his weight would come on his wrist, and his breast strike the feedbox. The writer, who saw that the scene was a terrible one, and was so swollen that he could not bend them. The citizen who was put over him says that for more than 1000 times the ball which was attached to him by a chain and placed in the feedbox, would, when the wagon came out of a hole or slide off a rock, jerk him feet from under him and all his weight would come on his wrist, and his breast strike the feedbox. 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